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THE SUNDAY WORLD has DOUBLE the circulation of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, and the circulation books and newspapers. Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

AN EIGHT-PAGE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

will be issued by THE EVENING WORLD tomorrow, Dec. 14. It will contain many interesting holiday features. Among the novelties will be

4 HALF-PAGE CHRISTMAS PICTURES, entitled "A Christmas Legend," "The Christmas of Rich and Poor," "Don't Destroy the Illusion," and "The Funny Side of Christmas."

A large number of prominent people will, in brief interviews, answer the question, "What would you like to find in your Christmas stocking?"

"Santa Claus at the Phone" will hold a timely confab with various public characters. The price of the eight-page holiday number will be unchanged. All the news and the special Christmas features for ONE CENT.

Newspapers should send in their advance orders at the earliest possible hour.

WORLDLINGS.

The woman who killed Harry King, of Chicago, in Omaha, told reporters the other day that she was really enjoying her prison life. She is lodged in pleasant quarters, and every day her admirers and sympathizers send her flowers, books and dainties.

Major D. A. Cook, of Atlanta, sold 202 acres of Georgia land to a neighbor last week for \$250,000, the proceeds to be delivered in installments of fifty annually for the next five years.

Charles A. Long, a Chicago newspaper man, left Chicago for Detroit five years ago, and reached there with \$15 in his pocket. Now he has a fortune of \$250,000, which he has made from lucky real-estate ventures.

Secretary Whitney has a scrap-book, in forty volumes, that is entirely filled with newspaper clippings referring to himself and his administration of the Navy Department.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Effie Estlin

MRS. ROGERS'S HENRIETTA.

Another Woman Claims She is the Mother of the Little Heiress.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 13.—The Supreme Court heard affidavits for a new trial yesterday bearing on a petition of Mrs. Ella M. Rogers, who claims to be the mother of Henrietta T. Rogers, a child who was found in the city, has been considered heiress of a great fortune.

Some time ago Ella M. Rogers, the widow of Henry S. Rogers, (seventy years of age when he became her spouse) appeared in court with a young child and asked to be appointed administratrix of the heritage rightfully to fall into possession of Henry S. Rogers's daughter, Mr. Rogers having died intestate.

Other heirs to the property had opposed the petition on the surprising ground that the little girl was not the daughter of the marriage covenant of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Rogers, but was a fatherless infant obtained especially for the purpose of securing the fortune, but the Supreme Court at that time decided that Mrs. Rogers was the mother of the child, and she was left administratrix of her husband's estate.

The petition for a new trial depends upon the evidence of a woman who claims to be the real mother of the child. The woman's name is Miss Jennie Hamilton, of New York City. She is now under the special watch of Private Detective McHenry, of this city. It was alleged against Mrs. Rogers's claim that there was no physician present at the time of her birth, and that the child was born in a stable, and that the birth of the child was hastened by emotion into an unwed state which she was plunged by a visit to her husband's grave on the day when the birth took place.

THE MAYOR AND THE MONUMENT.

Mr. Hewitt Will Not Agree to an Appropriation for a Soldiers' Memorial.

At the session of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment this morning Judge Van Hoesen, of the Court of Common Pleas, United States Marshal Martin T. McMahon and Judge Browne, of the City Court, appeared to urge the appropriation of \$250,000 for the erection of a soldiers' monument in Central Park.

Judge Van Hoesen said it was shameful that, while every little hamlet in the country is erecting a monument to commemorate the services of their soldiers dead, the great metropolis of the nation is still without one. Mayor Hewitt interrupted the argument to say that he was opposed to the appropriation, and would not be a party to taxing the people for the purpose of erecting a soldiers' monument. He would not make the people compulsory patriots.

Mr. McMahon tried to advance an argument in favor of the appropriation, when Mayor Hewitt said: "There is no use in discussing this question. A unanimous vote of this Board is required to put the appropriation and I shall vote against it. You can put the Mayor down as opposing it."

Assemblyman-elect Thomas J. Creamer appeared to urge an additional appropriation of \$2,500 to furnish seats for Times Square, which is notably deficient in seating accommodation.

Mayor Hewitt insisted that a portion of the appropriation already made could be used, although President of the Park Board, declared it to be insufficient.

Mr. Creamer cited the parks of London and Paris as models as regards seats, whereupon Mayor Hewitt said that people had to pay for the seats they occupied in those parks and seemed to think it would be a good plan to inaugurate a similar system here.

THE CONVENTION OF WITS.

BRIEF REMARKS BY A FEW OF THE MANY MEMBERS.

The Advantages of Snow-Shoes.

(From Life.)



Is It Edited by a Lady?

(The Reporter's Boon.)

A new periodical bears the name of the

Tongue. As a rule, there is not much in a

name, but this is one that is bound to tell.

She Was Mistaken.

(From Trans-Siberian.)

Wife—Don't frown; smile; it costs nothing.

Husband—That's where you are mistaken. It

costs fifteen per cent. or two for a quarter.

Principle Above Interest.

(From Fact.)

Mrs. Malaise—Doctor, I beg you will not de-

ceive me about my case. Believe me, I am pre-

pared to hear the worst.

Dr. Bismuth—Well, then, madame, frankly—

there is nothing the matter with you ladies.

You should try some other scheme besides ill-

health to make yourself interesting.

His Last Chance.

(From Judge.)

"It seems to me," said a mother to a young

girl who was about to be married, "that your

future husband is a little too exacting; he wants

this, that and the other; I consider him a per-

fect tyrant."

"Well, dear mamma, we can afford to indulge

him for once. Let him have his way now—you

know well he'll be the last time."

Society in Mexico.

(From Trans-Siberian.)

How is your son, who went to New Mexico,

coming out? asked Gilchley of Col. Yerger,

whose son left Austin a year or two ago for that

territory.

"Very well indeed," was the reply.

"I suppose he has been to hang many a

degraded?"

"On the contrary, he is the only man in New

Mexico who never has anything to do with hang-

ing criminals."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see he is a Sheriff."

Webster Mistaken.

(From Fact.)

Little Willie (aged ten)—Mamma, what is an

Elite Social Club?

Mamma—It is a club composed of the choicest

people—those who move in the best society.

Willie—Is that what Webster's Dictionary

says?

Mamma—It says that, or the same thing in

other words. Why do you ask?

Willie—I see an advertisement in the paper of

the Elite Social Club's dinner, and that colored

hostler, who sleeps in the stable, and the black

cook are the Committee on Invitation.

Philosophy of the Street.

(From the Milwaukee Journal.)

The man who pays for beer can always secure

laughers for his jokes.

The husband who has never quarrelled with

his wife is either too good or too weak to live.

Money cannot command health, but health

can command money, if it is not too lazy to

work.

All men are brave when out of danger, but

unfortunately, plenty of them are dishonest

when far removed from temptation.

What a blessing it is to parents that they can-

not appreciate what a nuisance their children

can become to other people.

The Robber.

(From Judge.)

They made a noise at the gate that night.

I took the old man from his sleep upstairs.

He laughed, and he struck a light.

I'll take you, my burglar, unawares."

But though he searched every cranny and hole

Not a trace of the thief he found to laughter.

For the only thing that the burglar stole

Was a kiss from the lips of the old man's

daughter.

The Closing Quotations.

(From the New York Times.)

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

Alton T. Jones, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,

PEEPS AT NEW YORK LIFE.

WHAT THE REPORTERS SEE ON THEIR DAILY ROUNDS.

A Big Walter Fanned a Small Boy Out with His Apron.

One evening lately, when the air was chilly

and raw with a sense of penetrating mist in

it, a reporter was discussing a *Fleet Magazine* dto *Bordeaux* and feeling that there were a

great many points of agreement between the dis-

cussion in a large downtown restaurant.

The big place was pretty well filled with

feeders. The room was lighted by several

large, sizzling electric lights, and it was warm

and comfortable, forming pleasant contrast

with the outside chill and damp. The darky

waiters, with their black faces and snowy

aprons, were bustling about.

As the reporter glanced to look towards

the door, he saw it gently open, as it im-

pelled by a transient draught. Just following

down the opening, his eye discovered the

smallest of newshyos, who had trickled in

from the damp highway upon the black and

white marble floor, attracted by the brilliant

light and warmth of the place as much as

lured by a sphere of yellow flame.

Once in the boy's self-possession, seemed

to forsake him, and he stood in a six-year-old

daze in the glare of the electric lights, hug-

ging one solitary crumpled paper tight under

his arm.

He had on a cap which covered his whole

head, as it was set on near the top of his

small spine, and was dragged forward, a big

greenish blue covering his pale blue eyes,

as round a china marble.

His nose was very diminutive and his small

mouth was gently ajar. A long coat of a

greenish blue covered his puny frame.

There he stood riveted by dumb awe at

his own tenacity, and making no step nor

effort to hawk his literary evening's work, he

stood red lips showing beneath his long and

sleeve.

A gigantic waiter, over six feet in height

and with a lordly girth that defied the

display of money, stepped down and

discovered the dot. His black face radiated

into a smile, showing the gleam of his large

teeth. He took the paper from the boy's hand,

saw in his hand the gleam of his teeth, and

began waving it gently towards the

infant newshyos, brooding over him with his

gorgeous smile.

He was like a Maryland auntie shooing a

vagrant chicken out of her kitchen. Not one

word did he say, not a sound did he make,

but he went and smiled and waved, all as

softly as a summer breeze.

The boy raised his round, shining, blue

eyes to the black face smiling on him. With

the look of a man who had been told that

the moment he found himself in the hands of

a man, he should be ready to die, he looked

room still on his face, he slowly turned and

trickled out through the door as he had

trickled in, and he closed noiselessly behind

him. He was out in the street, and the big

water straightened up and smiled still.

The episode had not taken two minutes.

A Shift Worth Having and Easily to Be

Carried About.

In a Broadway store is a shift worth hav-

ing. It costs \$40 and is made of heavy can-

vas duck. It is fitted to carry a leg of mutton

boat, but can also be used as a canoe or row-

boat.

The ribs fold up so that the boat flattens

longitudinally, making it handy to carry un-

der the arm. It weighs forty pounds, with

all appurtenances; is 9 feet long, 3 feet 6

inches wide, 15 inches deep amidships and 21

inches at stern.

The anchor that goes with the boat is pec-

uliar in that the flukes work on hinges. A

cable, shaped like one-half of a hollow metal

ring, and shaped like a half of a hollow metal

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. DALY.

ALAN DALE VENTURES TO ADDRESS THE GREAT MANAGER.

A Few Little Things That He Has Long

Desired to Say—Not to the Line of Ad-

dresses, but Suggestions, No to speak

Some Remarks on Exclusiveness and

Two Horrifying Dreams.

REVERED SIR: No one could feel his own

unworthiness more acutely or with more dis-

tastefully pessimistic results than I do this

bleakly miserable December morning, when

the heavens are heavy with ill-suppressed

tears when the damp nastiness of the at-

mosphere seems to overwhelm the abomi-

nations of the Broadway stroller, and when

the "attractions," redly and bluely set forth

on the theatrical posters, appear to laugh at

the discomfort of humanity, in a sort of

glorious ecstasy of risibility.

It is a morning for suicide. I have re-

solved, however, that I will not jump from

the Brooklyn Bridge. I will write to you in-

stead. There is a beautiful impulse upon

me. I recollect that I can still do good, and

I began through the mistiness in a fervor of

benevolence. You must know how exquisite

is this sensation, dear Mr. Daly. You must

have experienced it when you gave your spe-

cial matinee for the benefit of the Little Sis-

ters of the Poor and on other similar occa-

sions.

I have one or two things that I want to say

to you, dear sir. I will hardly dare to class-

ify them under the heading of advice. Rather

would I call them suggestions, to be accepted

or rejected at will. And a commendable

spirit of diffidence compels me to believe

that they will be rejected. Ah, well! I shall